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NO. 20
AUGUST
1974

T.M.

NIGHTMARE

A SKYWALD
HORROR-MOOD
PUBLICATION

BLOOD-REVENGE
DRIVES THE
MONSTER
WHO IS

WANTED:
MORE DEAD
THAN ALIVE!

INHUMAN BEASTS
DWELL IN THE
CITY OF SHOGGOths
IN

THE SCREAM
AND THE
NIGHTMARE

TALES OF HORROR
AND SUSPENSE
TO MAKE YOUR
FLESH CRAWL!



...NUMBER 3 IN A SERIES OF

HORROR FRAGMENTS

OF GREAT LITERATURE

...HE IS THE CREATION OF AMERICAN NOVELIST HERMAN MELVILLE... AUTHOR OF THE CLASSIC MOBY DICK...

...KNOWN TO THE MEN WHO SAILED WITH AHAB AS...

THE DEMON WHALE



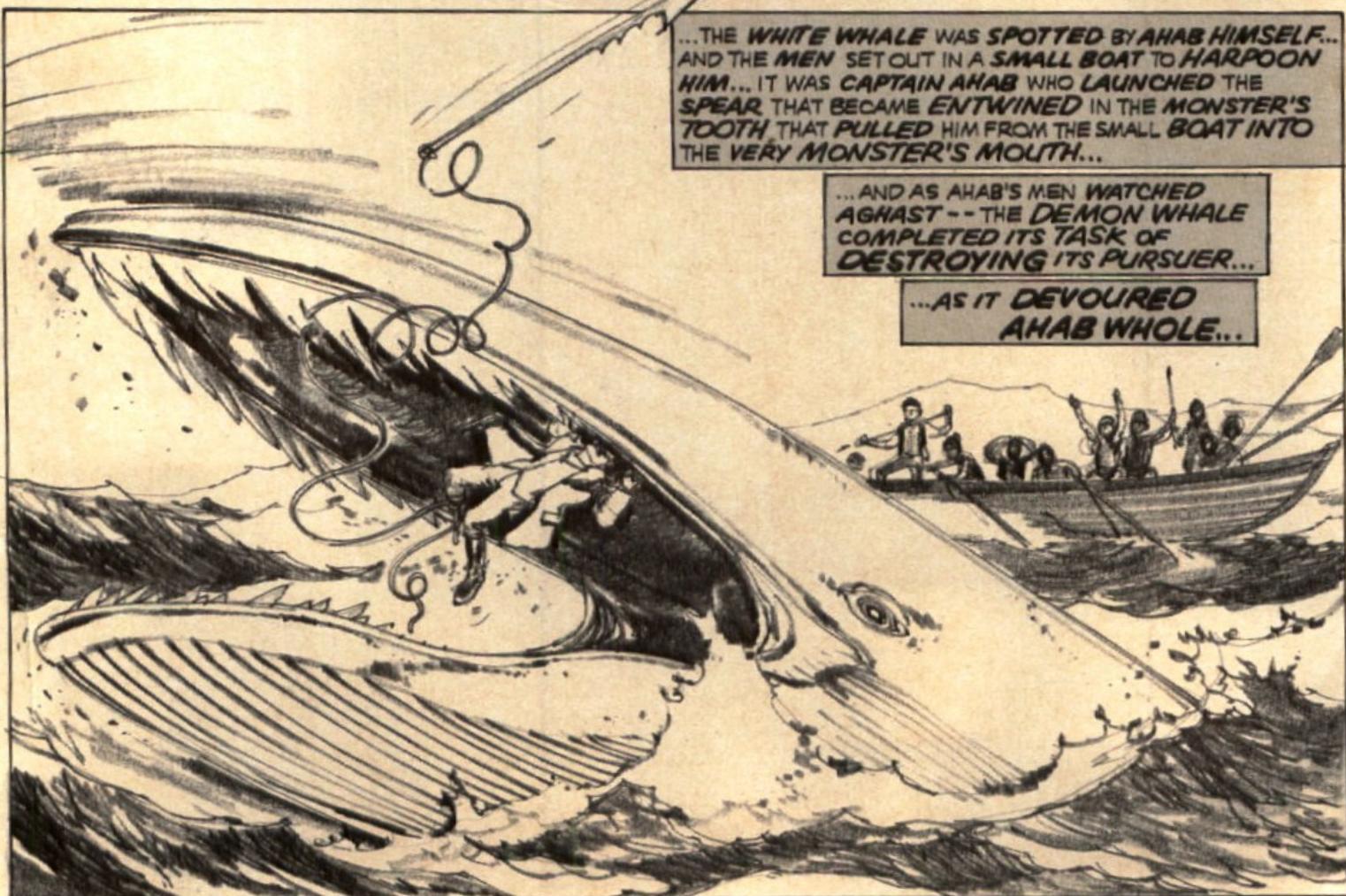
...THE MADMAN IS THE CAPTAIN OF A WHALING SHIP OF THE 19TH CENTURY... HIS NAME IS AHAB...
MAD CAPTAIN AHAB...



...THE WHITE WHALE WAS SPOTTED BY AHAB HIMSELF... AND THE MEN SET OUT IN A SMALL BOAT TO HARPON HIM... IT WAS CAPTAIN AHAB WHO LAUNCHED THE SPEAR THAT BECAME ENTWINED IN THE MONSTER'S TOOTH THAT PULLED HIM FROM THE SMALL BOAT INTO THE VERY MONSTER'S MOUTH...

...AND AS AHAB'S MEN WATCHED AGHAST -- THE DEMON WHALE COMPLETED ITS TASK OF DESTROYING ITS PURSUER...

...AS IT DEVoured AHAB WHOLE...



NIGHTMARE

edited by ALAN HEWETSON

cover artist: BOADA

contributors

JOHN BYRNE CARDONA
MAELO CINTRON LOUIS COLLADO
EMILIO EDGAR ALLAN POE
RICARDO VILLAMONTE
DUFFY VOHLAND

THE SCREAM AND THE NIGHTMARE

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...OUR TALE OF TWO PARTS BEGINS WITH A RATHER LONG PROLOGUE:

THE SHOGGO TH SERIES

...LOOK AT THIS AL... OUR CRUSADE IS REALLY GATHERING MOMENTUM ... LOOKIT ALL THIS MAIL...

...EVERYONE OF THESE LETTERS IS A DELIGHT -- EVERY ONE OF THEM IS FROM PEOPLE WHO BELIEVE, AS WE DO, THAT THE SHOGGO TH THREAT IS NOTHING TO JOKE ABOUT...



WEIRD BEASTS SEEN NEAR EGYPTIAN PYRAMIDS

ARCHAEOLOGISTS, DIGGING NEAR THE FAMOUS TOMB OF HARMHAB III, YESTERDAY WITNESSED A BIZARRE SCENE. AS THEY OPENED THE CENTURIES-CLOSED CRYPT OF THE PHARAOH, A GREAT RUSH OF FOUL AIR BLEW OUT AND A "HAIRY, SQUATTED MONSTER" CHARGED OFF INTO THE DESERT AND BOUNDED OFF INTO THE PYRAMID AND SANDS. THE ASTONISHED DIGGERS DESCRIBED THE MONSTER TO A STAFF ARTIST WHOSE CONCEPTION IS PRINTED HEREWITH. THEY REPORT THE BEAST'S ONLY WORDS WERE THE SHRIEKS: TEKELI-LI... TEKELI-LI...

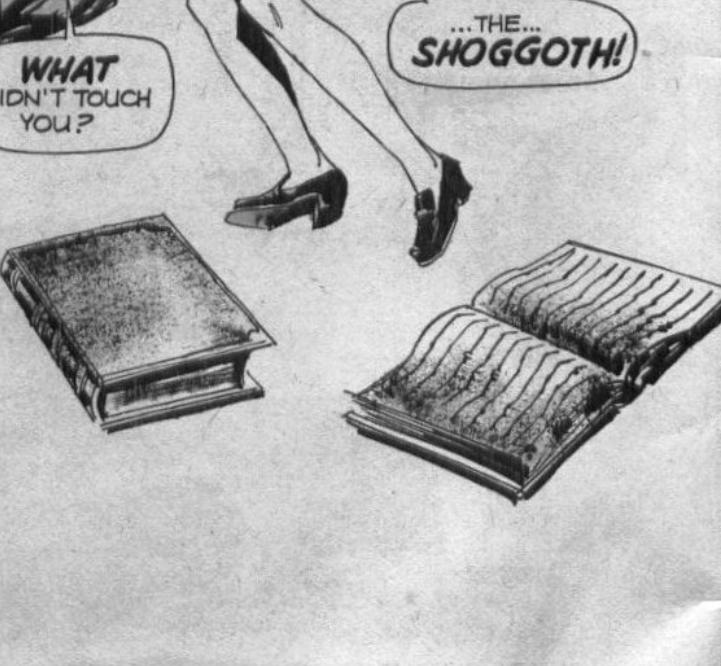


WRITTEN BY ALAN HEWETSON
ILLUSTRATED BY CARDONA

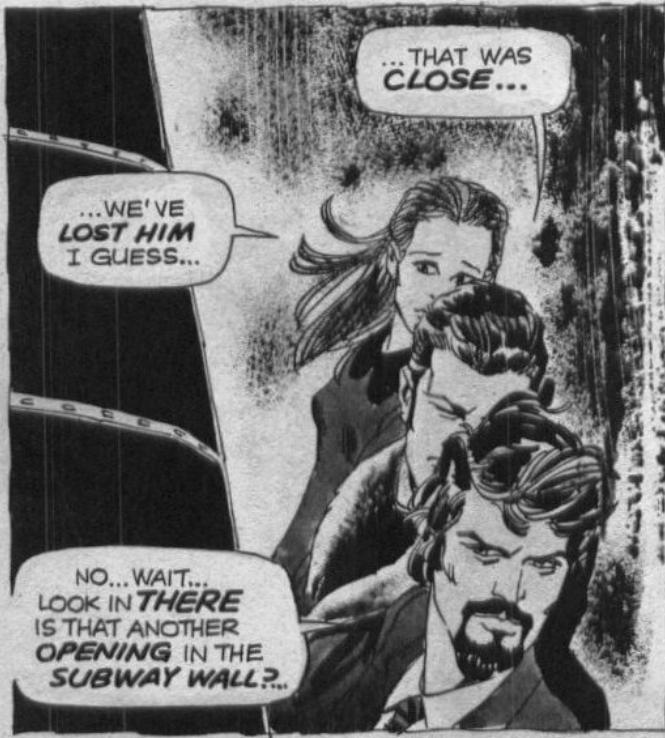


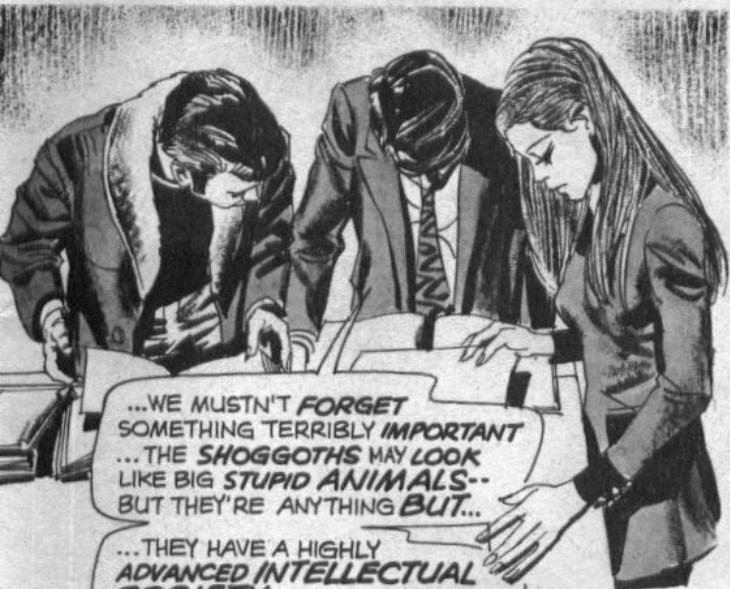
...AND SO STARTS OUR TALE
... CHAPTER ONE:











...THEY HAVE A HIGHLY ADVANCED INTELLECTUAL SOCIETY... PROBABLY MORE SOPHISTICATED THAN OURS...

...FOR ONE THING-- IT'S BEEN AROUND MILLIONS OF YEARS!

UGH!

THESE SHOGGOHTS WERE THE FIRST TO POPULATE THE EARTH... AND NOW THEY WANT TO REGAIN CONTROL...

THEY KEEP THESE LIBRARIES IN CERTAIN PLACES ABOUT THE WORLD... ALL THE IMPORTANT PSYCHOLOGICAL DEFICIENCIES OF MAN ARE RECORDED HERE...

...SO THAT -- WHEN THE **TIME** COMES FOR THEIR TAKE-OVER... THEY WILL BE PREPARED...

...WHILE EARTH... WILL BE IGNORANT EVEN OF THEIR EXISTENCE...

OHHH!!

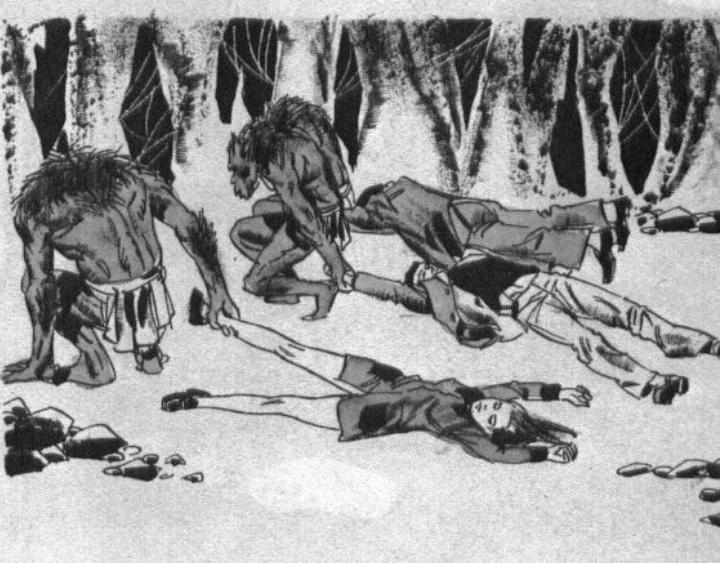
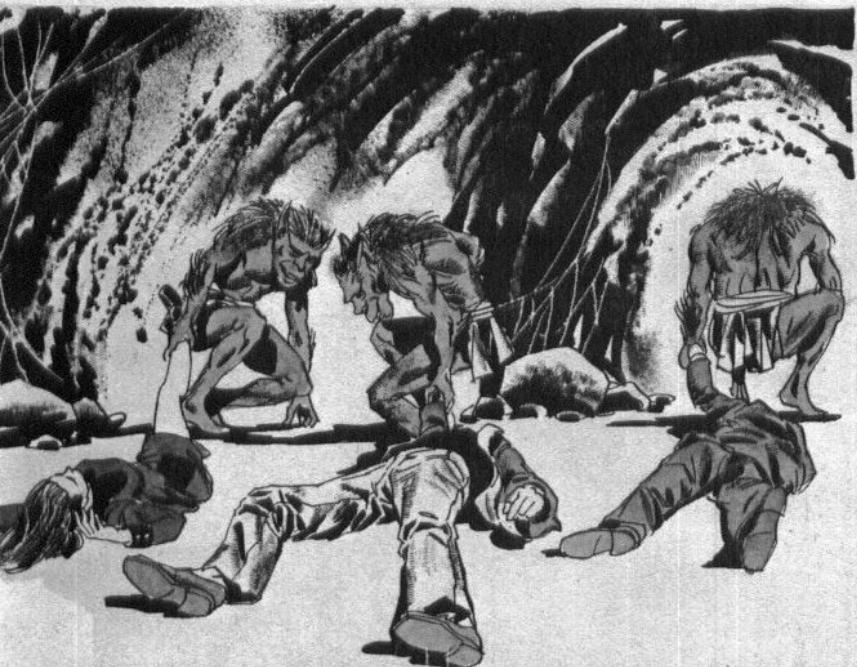


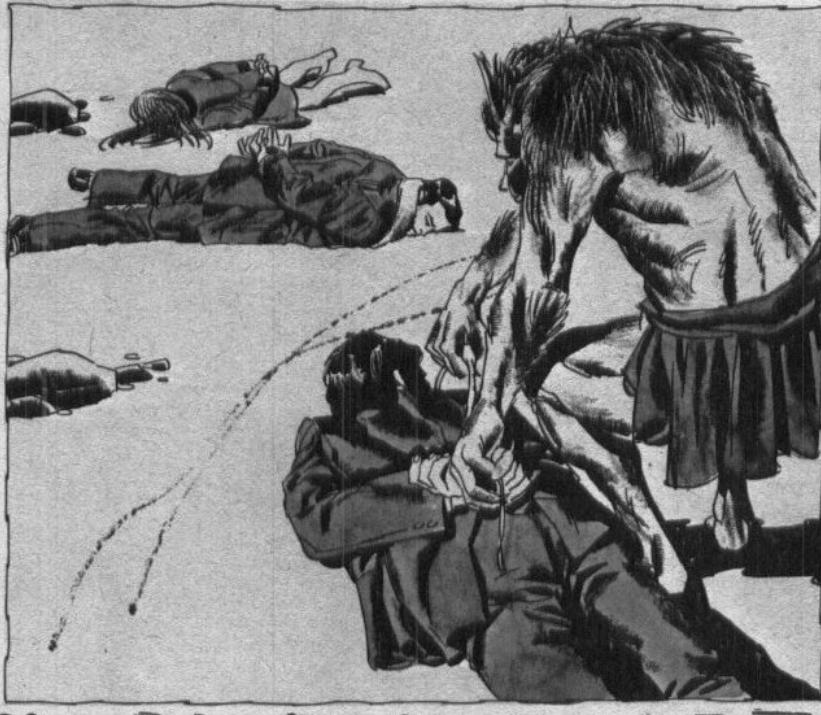


... PUBLISHERS NOTE :

THE FOLLOWING SCENES CANNOT BE CONSIDERED ACCURATE IN ANY DETAIL, AS MEMBERS OF THIS INVESTIGATING PARTY WERE UNCONSCIOUS FOR SEVERAL HOURS... HOWEVER, WE HAVE RE-CONSTRUCTED AN EDUCATED GUESS AT THE EVENTS OF THE FOLLOWING FEW HOURS.







...CHAPTER TWO:
THE SCREAM
AND THE NIGHTMARE

THE NIGHTMARE



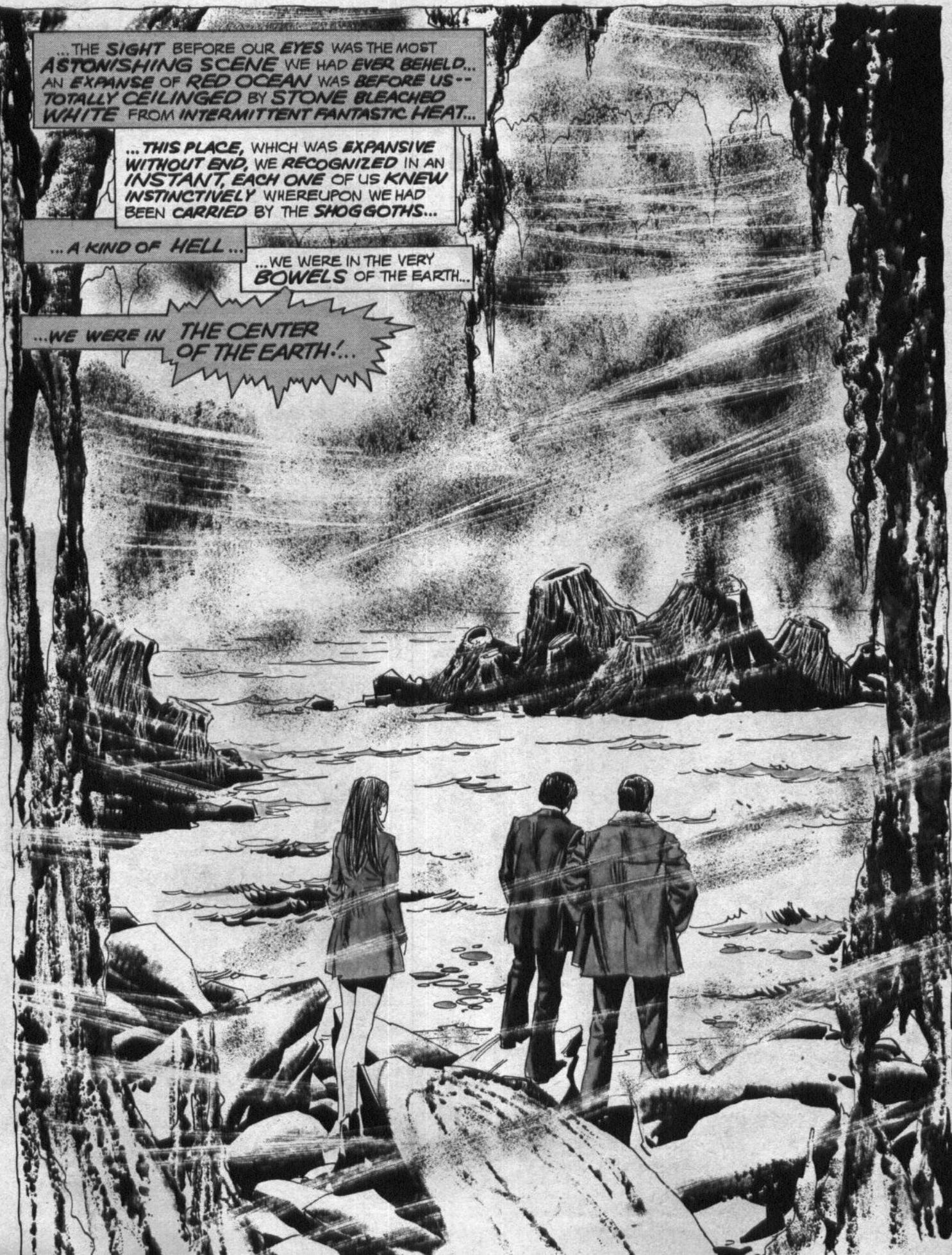
...THE SIGHT BEFORE OUR EYES WAS THE MOST ASTONISHING SCENE WE HAD EVER BEHELD... AN EXPANSE OF RED OCEAN WAS BEFORE US -- TOTALLY CEILINGED BY STONE BLEACHED WHITE FROM INTERMITTENT FANTASTIC HEAT...

...THIS PLACE, WHICH WAS EXPANSIVE WITHOUT END, WE RECOGNIZED IN AN INSTANT, EACH ONE OF US KNEW INSTINCTIVELY WHEREUPON WE HAD BEEN CARRIED BY THE SHOGGOTHS...

...A KIND OF HELL...

...WE WERE IN THE VERY BOWELS OF THE EARTH...

...WE WERE IN THE CENTER OF THE EARTH!...



...WE WERE STRAPPED TO A KIND OF CRUDE
WOODEN BARGE...



...IT IS INCREDIBLE TO LOOK AT SUCH A DEAD THING AS A SHOGGOTH AND TO CONCEIVE IT CAPABLE OF THOUGHT-- BUT INDEED THE MONSTER WAS PROBABLY MORE ADVANCED INTELLECTUALLY THAN US...



...WE WERE SO BOUND UP IN OUR OBSERVANCE OF THE CRAFT THAT WE DID NOT REALIZE OUR APPROACH TO THE CITY (IF THAT WAS WHAT IT WAS, FOR IT WAS, FOR IT WAS INCONGRUOUS WITH ANY CITY ABOVE EARTH)...

...WHICH SLIPPED OUT INTO THE CALM DEAD WATERS WITH A SHOGGOTH SQUATTED BY A MAKESHIFT RUDDER...

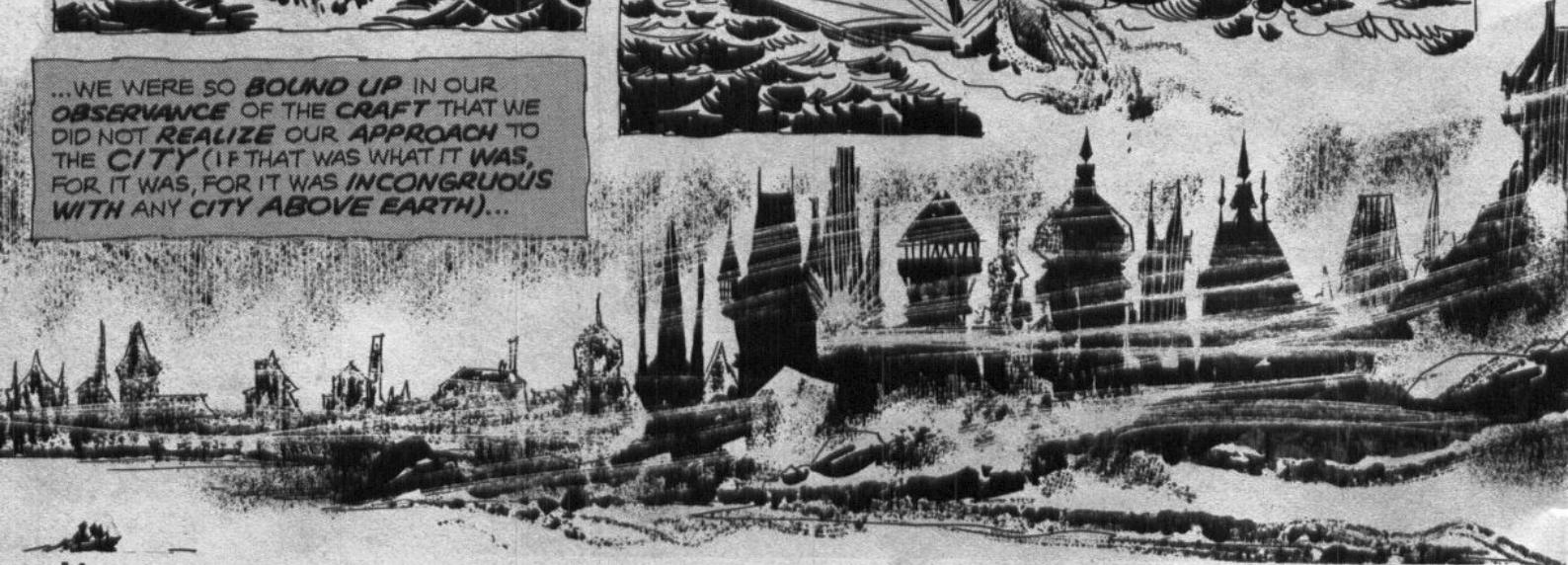


...YET AS WE OBSERVED THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE SIMPLE RAFT AN AWFUL THOUGHT STRUCK US...

...IT WAS, TO ALL APPEARANCES CRUDE, AND LOOKED LIKE IT'D BEEN THROWN TOGETHER IN A MOMENT...

...BUT NO -- AS WE LOOKED CLOSER AT THE RUDDER, AND OBSERVED HOW THE CRAFT SEEMED TO MOVE THROUGH THE WATERS WITHOUT MOTOR POWER -- WE REALIZED THE ASTONISHING TRUTH...

...SO ABSTRACTLY SOPHISTICATED WAS ITS ENGINEERING AND CONSTRUCTION, ITS DESIGN WAS BEYOND OUR UNDERSTANDING...IT WAS SUPER-STRUCTURED TO MOVE WITH SPEED, WITHOUT POWER...MERELY BY ITS SENSE OF DESIGN IN RELATION TO THE WAVES...A MERE TOUCH OF THE RUDDER AND THE 'UNPOWERED RAFT' BECAME A STEP BEYOND NUCLEAR ENERGY...



...IT WAS AT THE SHORE OF THIS OCEAN OF RED DEATH, RISING FROM WITHIN THE CORE OF THE EARTH TO MONSTROUS AND OBSCENE PROPORTIONS-- HERE, THE CAVERNS ROOF BECAME INDISTINCT, AND AN OBLIQUE MIST SHROUDED OVER-ALL THE 'CITY OF THE SHOGGOHTS' ... AS WE APPROACHED, SEVERAL BEASTS STOOD ABOUT THE SHORE LIMPING GLARING AT US...



... AS WE CLIMBED ONTO THE LEVY THEY CROWDED AROUND A-BOUT AND SEEMED TO BE STUDYING OUR FACES - ETCHING US INTO THEIR OBSCENE MINDS...



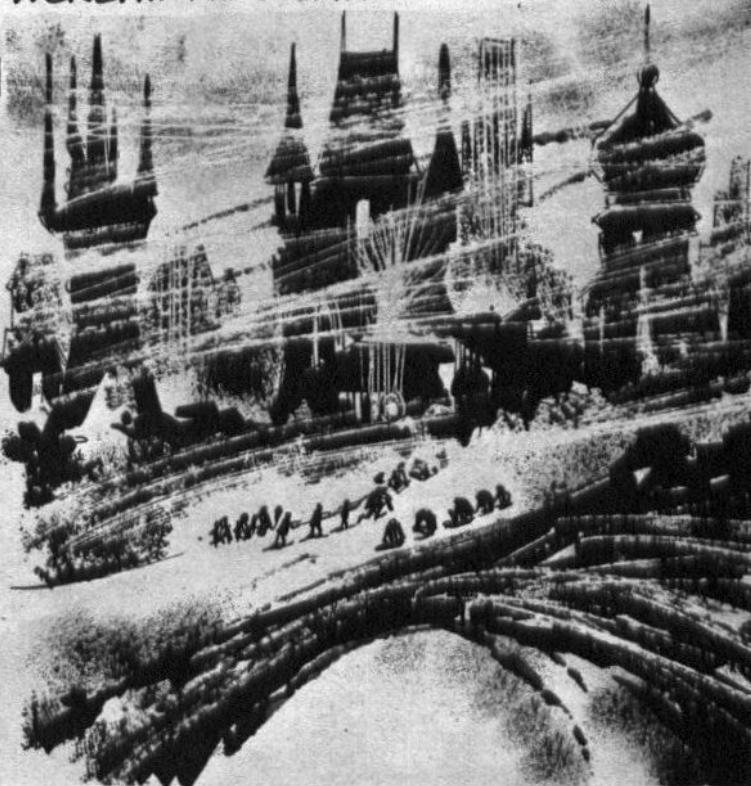
... IT WAS A TEMPLE -- OF SELF-WORSHIP, WHERE THE SHOGGOHTS CAME TO PLOT THEIR OWN SATISFACTION...

... IT WAS A PLACE OF THE MOST HIDEOUS PHILOSOPHY EVER SUPPOSED ON THIS GROTESQUE GRAY PLANET...

... A PHILOSOPHY NOT EVEN ABDUL ALHAZRED DREAMED OF IN HIS NECRONOMICON...



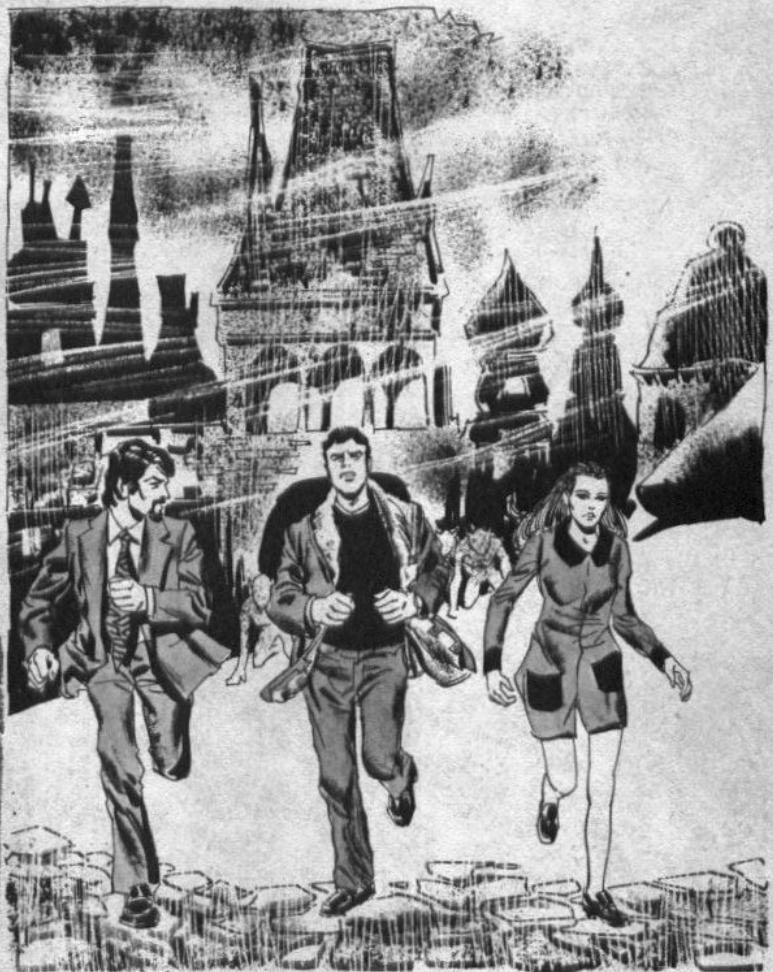
... AS WE WALKED (I SAY, WALKED, I MEAN -- DRAGGED) INTO THE CITY WE'RE 'GUIDED' TOWARDS THE TALLEST AND OLDEST OF ALL STRUCTURES... IT WAS A PLACE OF WORSHIP AND OF LAW...







...WE'LL
BE ON THE
'OUTSKIRTS'
OF THE
CITY...



...LET'S RUN
LIKE HELL AND
GET SOME DISTANCE
BETWEEN US AND
THE SURVIVORS...



KAWUPPP

...GOOD FORTUNE WAS THEN OUR COMPANION... THE SHOGGOTHS WERE SO SLOWED AND THWARTED BY THE COLLAPSE OF THE ARCH-BRIDGE, THAT WE QUICKLY OUT-DISTANCED THEM IN THE CAVERNS...



...WE STUMBLED WITHIN THIS SMOOTH ROCK-CUT TUNNEL FOR SO MANY HOURS WE LOST TRACK AND COLLAPSED FROM UTTER FATIGUE...



...WE SLEPT SEVERAL HOURS... THEN RETURNED TO OUR VIGILANT ADVANCE 'UP' WITHIN THE TUNNEL...

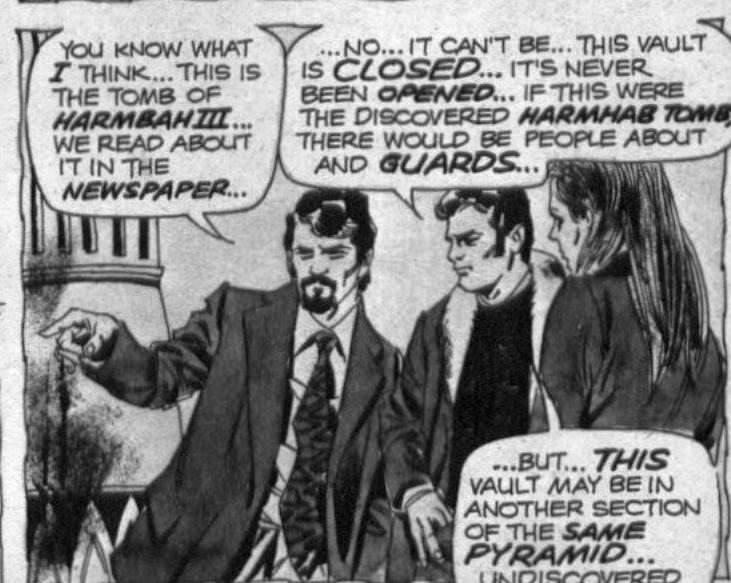
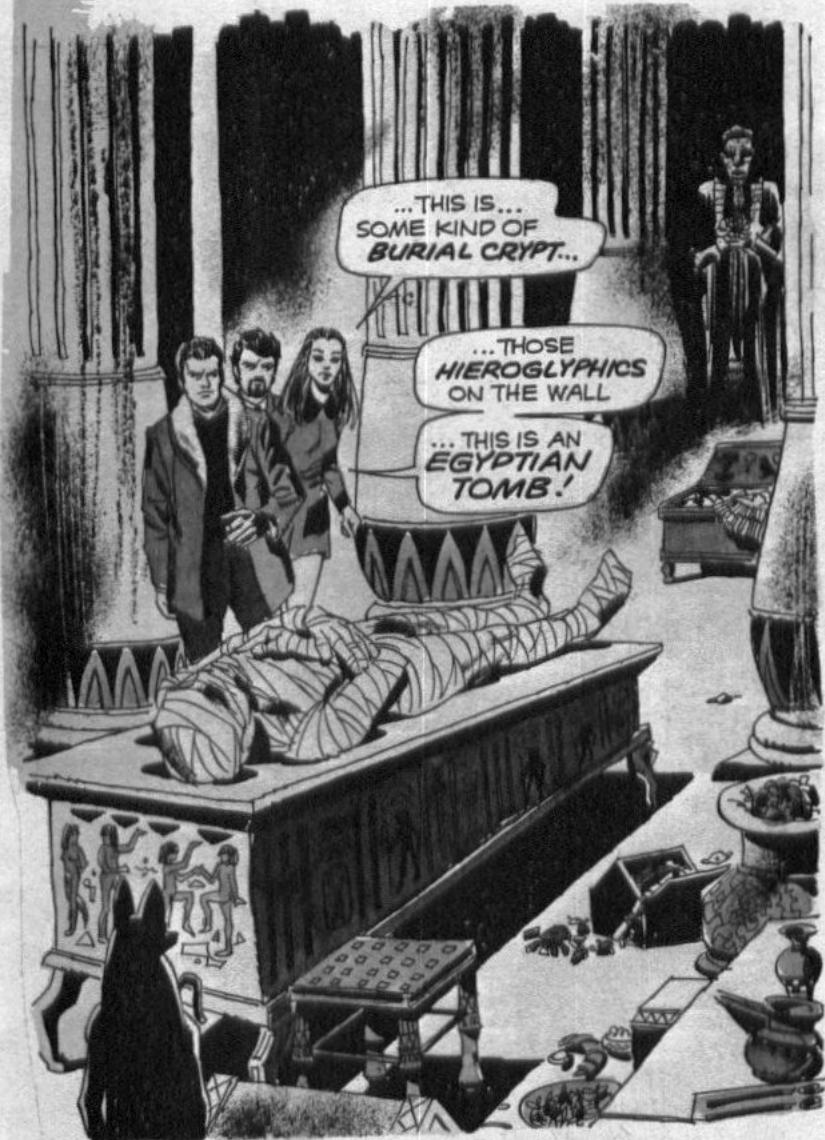


...WE ENTERED A CURIOUSLY CUT APERTURE IN THE EXTREME OUTER WALL OF THE CAVERN OF THE CITY ITSELF... IT'D BEEN CUT OR BORED OUT BY NATURE BUT -- BUT BY INTELLIGENCE SURPASSING THAT OF HUMAN-KIND...



...WE WERE AGAIN AT THE POINT OF EXHAUSTION, NOW EMOTIONAL AS WELL AS PHYSICAL, WHEN WE OBSERVED SOME STRANGE KIND OF A LIGHT IN SIGHT AHEAD OF US...

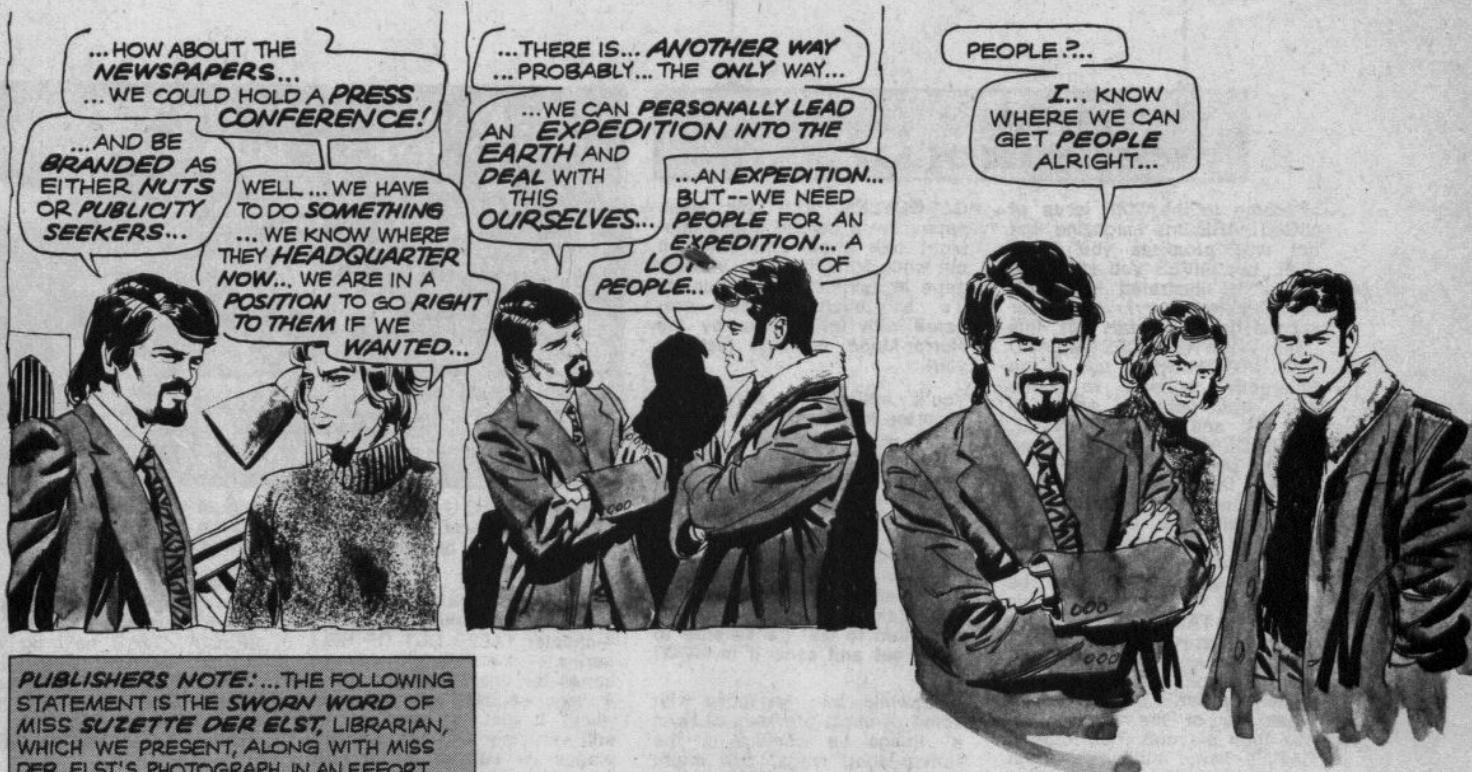












PUBLISHERS NOTE: ...THE FOLLOWING STATEMENT IS THE SWORN WORD OF MISS SUZETTE DER ELST, LIBRARIAN, WHICH WE PRESENT, ALONG WITH MISS DER ELST'S PHOTOGRAPH, IN AN EFFORT TO CONVINCE YOU OF OUR SINCERITY IN THE SHOGGOTH CRUSADE...

"I, SUZETTE DER ELST, HEREBY DO SWEAR THAT ON THE 18TH DAY OF JULY, NINETEEN HUNDRED AND SEVENTY THREE, I WENT TO THE CENTER OF THE EARTH WITH SKYWALD ARTIST JOSE MARIA CARDONA AND EDITOR AL HEWETSON..."

...I DO SWEAR

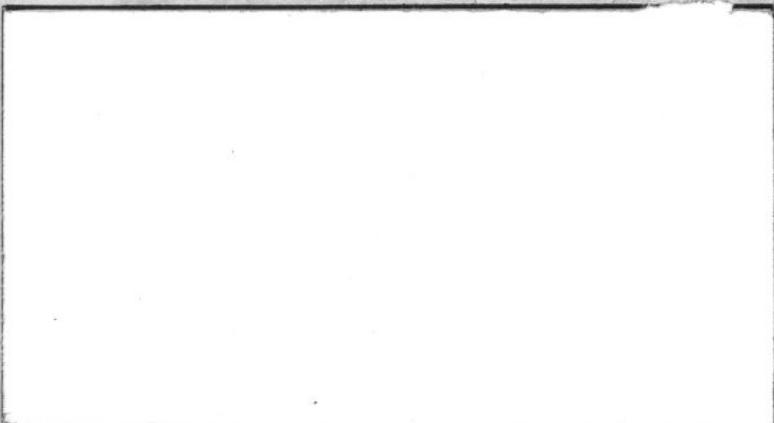
THAT I HAVE READ THIS 'STORY' BEFORE IT WAS PUBLISHED AND THAT EVERY WORD AND ACTION ALLUDED TO ME IN THIS DOCUMENT IS TRUE...

...I BELIEVE THAT WE NOW DO NOT HAVE MUCH TIME ON OUR HANDS... THAT THE SHOGGOTHS WILL SOON SURFACE TO CONQUER...

...I CANNOT URGE THE READER ENOUGH, TO BELIEVE IN, AND TO JOIN, THE SKYWALD SHOGGOTH CRUSADE...

...AND BELIEVING WORDS EARLIER PRESENTED IN THE STORY, 'THE BEST DEFENSE IS AN OFFENSE', WE MUST GROUP NOW, READY OURSELVES NOW, AND ATTACK THE SHOGGOTH ENEMY FIRST...

...THE PUBLISHERS HEREBY ANNOUNCE THAT AT SOME FUTURE DATE, WE WILL SPONSOR AN EXPEDITION 'NEATH THE EARTH... WE ASK FOR YOUR PLEDGE TO JOIN NOW... WE WILL AWARD A CERTIFICATE (8½" X 11") OF MEMBERSHIP FREE OF CHARGE TO READERS JOINING IN THIS CRUSADE... NO MONEY... NO DUES... YOU RISK NO MONEY... ONLY YOUR LIFE...



I AM ENTITLED TO RECEIVE FREE OF ALL CHARGE MY MEMBERSHIP DIPLOMA PERSONALLY SIGNED BY THE ARCHAIC

THE ARCHAIC HORROR MAILBAG

Welcome to the 20th issue of NIGHTMARE, the magazine that not only promises you HORROR, but GIVES you HORROR in all its illustrated HORROR-MOOD-style glory! Like our special tale to start off this issue — THE SCREAM AND THE NIGHTMARE, a tale of the Shoggoth menace to rattle your brain-pebbles around-a-bit — and then WANTED: MORE DEAD THAN ALIVE! (yep — the photograph on page 1 of that tale (page 26 of this issue) is noneother than Archaic Al himself, who several years ago lived in an mountain-cave-village somewhere in the wilds of Mexico, pretending to be bohemian) — then Lurid Luis Collado's TALE OF HORROR, which takes you to a time and place when horror was as commonplace as table salt, namely — Berlin during the 2nd great war of the worlds! Mr. Poe then presents THE BLACK CAT, a fierce little tale about life, death and the mysterious BEYOND! THE CASTLE is the first HORROR-MOOD offering of one DUFFY VOHLAND, an esteemed American artist who in future issues is teaming up with Connecticut Yankee DON MAITZ to produce the one and only HEAP . . . to wrap up an already-super-packed issue is THE SAGA OF THE HUMAN

GARGOYLES, who this issue appear on a certain famed late-night talk show and battle it out while 30 million T.V. viewers gape in astonishment! All-in-all, it's an exciting issue—prepared with loving care by the Horror-Mood maniacs just for you!

You'll notice we sure don't have too much space to rap this issue — namely because we figure our BEHEMOTH BUNCH OF QUESTIONS take absolute precedence over anything we could say, because the next page is YOUR PAGE, where YOU write to tell us what YOU think, what YOU like, and what YOU want — and THAT simple fact makes that page almighty important to US! So be sure to fill it out and send it in NOW!

Meanwhile, let's let loose with some dynamic previews of tales n' things up coming in the Horror-Mood mags, that might wet your appetite for what's going to entertain you in the months to come!

Speaking of Shoggoths (ahem? —we were?), just as soon as Mr. ZESAR has finished with the NOSFERATU series, he'll be once again attacking THE SHOGGOTH SAGA with full artistic fury — his first tale will

OUR SKIN CRAWLS EVERY TIME YOU SEND IN ONE OF THESE COUPONS!

— our skin crawls every time we get one of your coupons because the MAILMAN (ugh!) who delivers them is a very WEIRD PERSON! First of all, he's a LEPER, which means that some of HIS skin is attached and dripping from every envelope! Heaven help us when the air conditioning in our office isn't working properly — if there's a draft and the mailman SNEEZES — there's blood, flesh and bone fragments flying about everywhere! But look, we don't mind — it's so IMPORTANT to us to get and READ each and EVERY COUPON, we'll put up with ANY little inconvenience. Send your coupon today — tell us your FAVORITE TALE — the FIRST 5 COUPONS received for EVERY ISSUE get a FREE, ADVANCE COPY of the NEXT ISSUE of PSYCHO, NIGHTMARE or SCREAM —

be THE MOUNTAIN OF GRAVES so await it with excitement in your bleeding heart, it'll be WEIRD . . .

Depressing JESUS DURAN is just-now completing the special 4-chapter TALES OUT OF HELL series — then it's a brand new series for this exciting artist — frankly, we can't tell you much about it just yet because it's still very much in the planning stages — but we do promise you it'll be bizarre!

Fierce FERRAN SOSTRES, at the moment, is busy on a special tale for NIGHTMARE PRESENTS TOMB OF HORROR SPECIAL-EDITION titled KILL, KILL, KILL AND KILL AGAIN — an' if you think the title is a put-on, no no; this tale has got to be remembered as

one of the bloodiest tales ever written — yet it's a tale (like ALL our tales) pointing out just how evil, destructive, and namely down-right DUMB violence IS in this world! When Fierce Ferran is finished this SPECIAL TALE he'll be working on IN THE JUNGLE OF THE BATS, which is a sensational sequel to the tale in the last month's PSYCHO: REQUIEM FOR A HUMAN BEING!

Just before closing, we'd like to plug our 1974 PSYCHO YEARBOOK, which is on sale right now — it's chock-full with a shocker-barrel bucket of living, bleeding HORRORS! Miss it not!

R.I.P **ARCHAICAL**

. . . in this issue (on page 4, by CRUSTY CARDONA) there is an odd tale in THE SHOGGOTH SERIES titled: THE SCREAM AND THE NIGHTMARE — a 20 page horror blockbuster! If you'll look at the last page of that story, you'll notice we announce the birth of a new horror club sponsored by the HORROR-MOOD GROUP! You can join this organization absolutely, totally FREE of any charge, and we'll send you an 8½" x 11" official certificate of membership! Just fill in the little coupon below, send us 15¢ to cover postage and handling (honest, this is necessary—we don't make a profit) and we'll send you within 2 weeks your diploma personally autographed by Archaic Al, Emotionally-disturbed Ed, and Awkward Augustine — that's all there is to it — join now — this FREE OFFER will NOT be repeated again . . .

HORROR-MOOD SHOGGOTH CRUSADE
SKYWALD PUBLISHING CORPORATION
18 East 41st Street, Room 1501
New York City, N.Y. 10017

I enclose 15¢ in Archaic cash to cover mailing of my FREE Shoggoth Crusade certificate!

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY AND ALL ELSE _____

THE HORROR-MOOD™ International shoggoth crusade

This is to certify that

is a full degree member of the ANTI-SHOGGOTH CRUSADE, who pledge full support and participation in the eradication of the shoggoth menace, by personal action, and by joining, when called upon, an expedition to the Center of the Earth (where shoggoths dwell), armed to the teeth with machete, knives, bazookas and other weaponry, pledging life and sanity

SAMPLE



A BEHEMOTH BUNCH OF QUESTIONS

The best story in this issue is
because

my favorite all-time HORROR-MOOD story is
because

I buy the HORROR-MOOD magazines because

my favorite HORROR-MOOD writer is

my favorite HORROR-MOOD artist is

my favorite HORROR-MOOD cover artist is

my favorite type of story (horror, adventure, suspense, science fiction sword and sorcery) is

stories should be (a) 5 to 10 pages long (b) 10 to 15 pages (c) 15 pages or longer (d) variety of lengths

I think the photofeatures are (good, bad, or comment):

my favorite HORROR-MOOD story TITLE is

my favorite HORROR-MOOD CHARACTERS are
(the Human Gargoyles-Nosferatu-Frankenstein-Monster Monster-the Heap -Lady Satan):

my favorite HORROR-MOOD series are
(Darkkos Manse-Tales out of Hell-The Shoggoth Mythos-The Saga of the Victims):

I think text stories are (good, bad, or comment)(stories like THE SKELETON IN THE DESERT, DEAD—BUT NOT YET BURIED, THE GHoul OUT OF HELL):

What ideas do you have for CHANGING the magazines or for NEW FEATURES?

my favorite cover of the 3 covers pictured below is
(check one)



as an insert



full size cover art



special design art

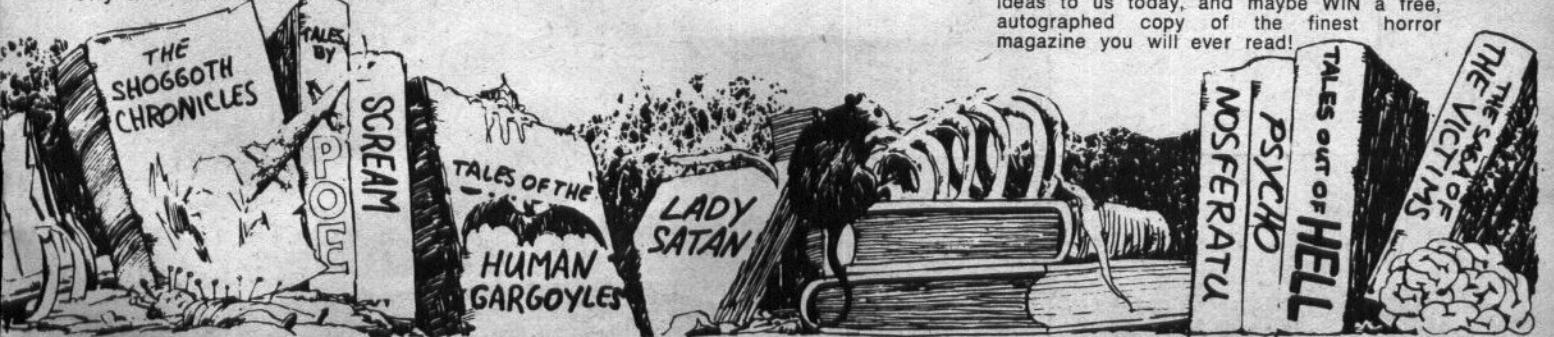
comment

my favorite all time HORROR-MOOD cover is

Send in this page, or a facsimile, so that we can better entertain you — to the first 25 (yes — 25!!) BEHEMOTH BUNCH OF QUESTIONS we receive we will send an advance copy of NIGHTMARE PRESENTS TOMB OF HORROR SPECIAL EDITION, and to the best, most complete, 10 BEHEMOTH BUNCH OF QUESTIONS we receive we will send AUTOGRAPHED advanced copies of that SPECIAL TOMB OF HORROR EDITION — send in your ideas to us today, and maybe WIN a free, autographed copy of the finest horror magazine you will ever read!

BEHEMOTH BUNCH OF QUESTIONS
SKYWALD PUBLISHING CORPORATION
18 East 41st Street, Rm. 1501, New York City, N.Y. 10017

name age
address
city and all else



...WHATEVER IT IS, IT DOES
NOT STAY DEAD...

...WHATEVER IT WAS, IT DOES
NOT RECOGNIZE ITSELF NOW...

...WHATEVER MIND IT HAD
IS NOW DEAD UNDER THE
SWAMP-WATERS, IT NOW
ACTS OUT OF A DIM
INSTINCTIVE-MEMORY
OF ITS NEED FOR REVENGE...

WRITTEN BY HOWIE ANDERSON

ILLUSTRATED BY EMILIO

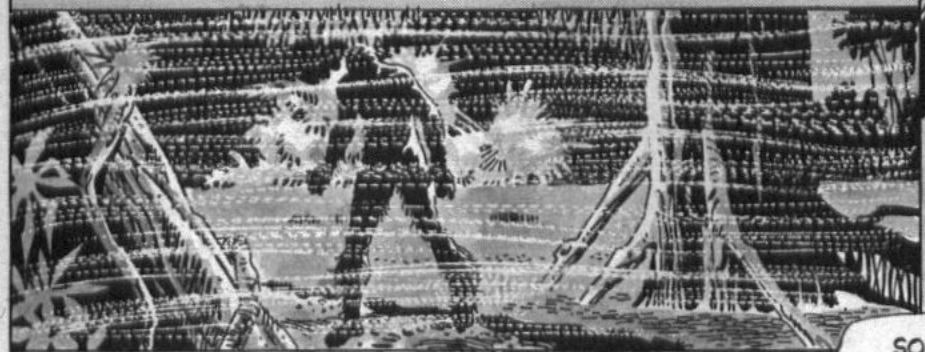
WANTED: MORE DEAD THAN ALIVE

EMILIO
BERNADO

...REVENGE ON WHAT WE CAN ONLY GUESS...

...IT NOW GOES A-SEARCHING... FOR WHAT, OR FOR WHO, WE MIGHT LEARN LATER... BUT FOR NOW WE CAN ONLY WALK WITH IT AND LISTEN-IN TO ITS THOUGHTS AS IT REMEMBERS THE DIM EVENTS OF THE LAST FEW WEEKS WHICH LED-UP TO ITS WRETCHED DEATH...

...EVENTS THAT BEGIN AS IT REMEMBERS SEEING THIS POSTER...



...ONLY ONE WAY... DEAD... THAT'S WHEN IT STARTED... THE HUNT...

...YOU EVER HEAR OF A MAN CALLED
ORTEGA?...THIS IS
PICTURE...

...IT WAS UNHEALTHY TO LOOK AT ORTEGA...
UNHEALTHY TO BE WITHIN A SQUARE-MILE
OF ORTEGA...

...YOU GOT A
HEAD ON YOUR
SHOULDERS MISTER...
YOU'LL TEAR-UP
THIS PICTURE...

...IT'S UNHEALTHY
EVEN TO LOOK
AT IT...

NOW LISTEN
MISTER I...

KKI-
CKKICK

LISTEN TO **ME**
CREEP... I ASKED
YOU A SIMPLE
QUESTION...

...AN' I WANT A
SIMPLE **ANSWER!**

...YEH... YEH... UP
IN THEM HILLS MISTER
...UP IN THEM HILLS
HE'S GOT A WHOLE
CAMP... ALL 'IS MEN...
ALL OF 'EM... UP IN A
CAVE...

...A SIMPLE ANSWER WAS ALL THAT WAS NEEDED...
ONE OR TWO SIMPLE ANSWERS TO TRACK THE MAN
ORTEGA...



WHY DON'T YOU ANSWER MY
FRIEN'... THE CAT GOT YOUR TONGUE?
HHA HHAH HHAH...

...LEESSIN MEESTER... YOU ANSWER
MY QUESTION NOW OR I BLOW-OFF
THE TOP OF YOUR HEAD...

...I CAME TO JOIN
YOU... I HEARD
ABOUT YOU AN' I
WANTED TO JOIN
YOU...

HAHAHA HAHAHA
HAHA HAHAHA
YOU TAKE ME FOR A
FOOL MEESTER?

...YOU TAKE ORTEGA
FOR A FOOL? THERE
EES H'ONLY ONE-WAY
TO CHANGE YOUR MIND
ABOUT THAT SENOR...

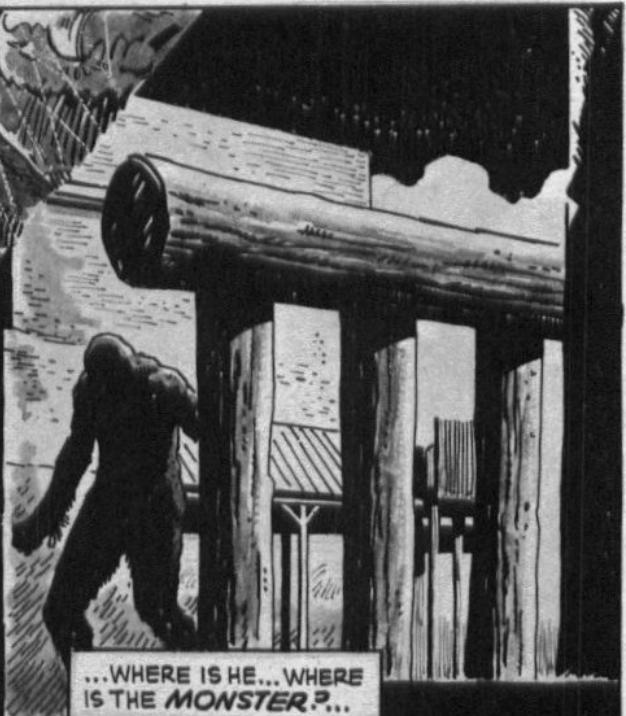
...A FOOL? NO... NEVER!...

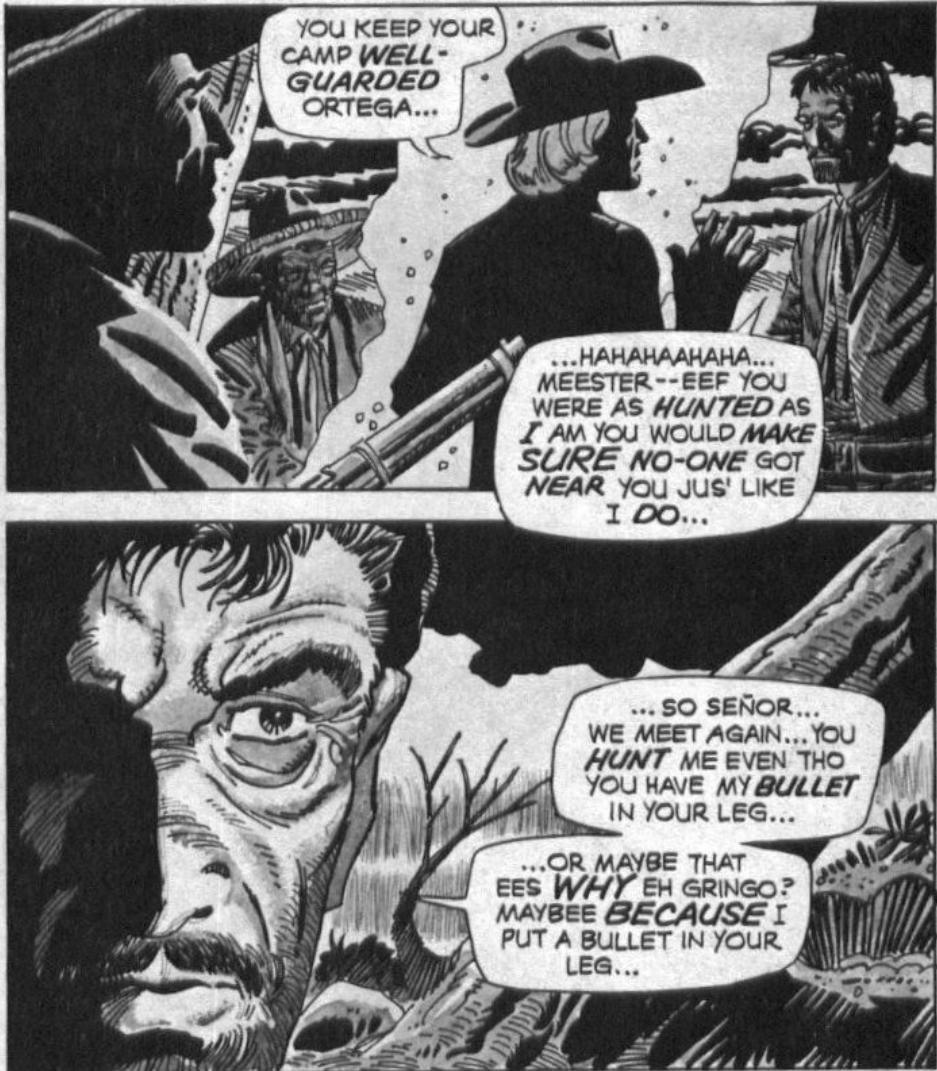
BDAMM
BDAMM

WHAT THE
HELL IS THAT?
KILL IT...

...KILL
IT...







...WHERE IS HE?
WHERE IS HE?

KAPPOWW

...WHERE
IS HE?...

...BLOOD...
IN THE AIR...

...NO
MARIA, NOT
AGAIN... NOT
IN AMERICA...

YES MAMA...
TONIGHT IS THE
NIGHT OF THE FULL
MOON... TONIGHT
THERE IS THE SMELL
OF BLOOD IN
THE AIR...



...WHERE IS HE?... WHERE IS THE MONSTER THAT
MURDERED ME... WHERE?



WAIT... WAIT... WHERE
ARE YOU GOING... I... I...
I LIBERATED YOU FROM
DEATH WHY DO YOU
FLEE ME...

...I CAN
STILL SMELL
THE
MONSTER!...

...HE CAN'T
BE FAR AWAY...
I CAN STILL
SMELL THE
PIG...

AEEYY...
WHY DO YOU
ATTACK ME
MONSTER?...

ORTEGA...
A MONSTER...
A MONSTER
ATTACKS
US...

FLEE IT...
IT IS AN
UNDEAD
THING!

GET
AWAY!!!

BDAMM
BDAMM
BDAMM

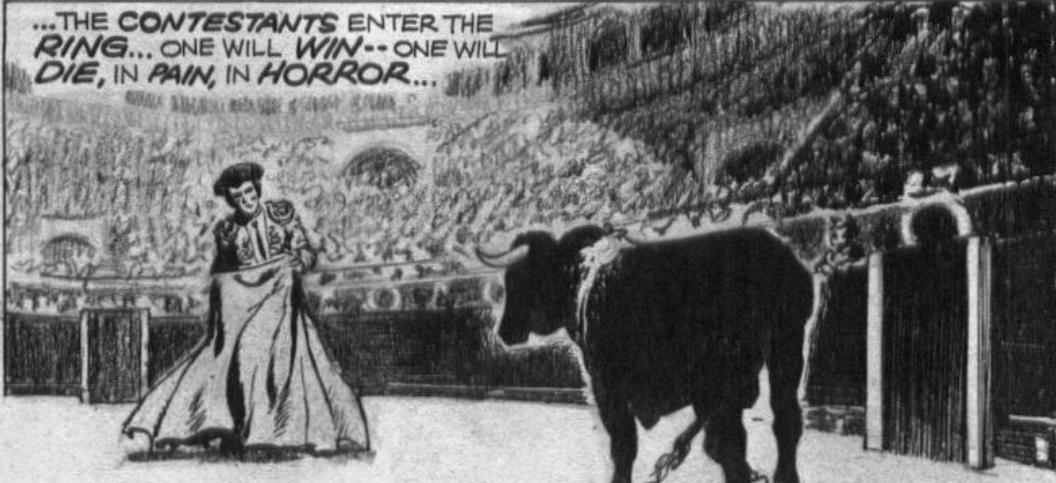
...SHUT
YER FACE
ORTEGA...
...I AM INGELS...

...DUE SOME
REVENGE!...



PROLOGUE TO A TALE OF HORROR

...THE CONTESTANTS ENTER THE RING... ONE WILL WIN--ONE WILL DIE, IN PAIN, IN HORROR...



...DESPITE THE APPLAUD OF THE CROWDS -- CHEERING THE ONE WHO IS FORE-ORDAINED TO WIN BEFORE THE GAME EVEN BEGINS... DESPITE THIS, THERE IS A HUSH OVER THE STADIUM, FOR THE WATCHERS PRETEND THEY DO NOT KNOW WHO WILL WIN...



...THE TRIUMPHANT ONE DRIVES THE SPEARS INTO THE MONSTER'S HEAD-- AND THE SIGHT OF THE BLOOD DEMANDS A SCREAM FROM THE BULL, THE CROWD'S ROAR, THE BLOOD DRENCHES THE VICTOR AND MAN'S CHALLENGE IS SATIATED... HE HAS WON-- AS HE HAS ALWAYS WON-- AS HE WILL ALWAYS WIN... THE ONLY BATTLE MAN EVER LOSES IS AGAINST HIMSELF... AND THUS OUR TALE TAKES CHARACTER AND FORM...

...THEY PRETEND THE MATADOR IS NOT A CORPSE -- BUT HE IS-- HE'S A DEAD THING -- A DEAD OLD MAN WHO LOST THE HONOR OF CALLING HIMSELF A MAN THE MOMENT HE ENTERED THE ARENA... MAN AGAINST BEAST... THE CONTEST BETWEEN MAN AND NOBLE, VIOLENT BEAST... A DEAD OLD JOKE... FOR WHILE THE BEAST HAS BRAWN-- THE MAN HAS A BRAIN... AND CONTEST IS A FABLE-- FOR THERE IS NO CONTEST WHEN THE END IS A FOREGONE CONCLUSION...



...GERMANY, 1945--THE CITY
OF BERLIN, AT NIGHTFALL
...HERE WE BEGIN OUR
TALE...

WRITTEN BY ALAN HEWETSON ILLUSTRATED BY COLLADO

A TALE OF HORROR

THEY... THEY
ARE COMING... MY
DEAR GOD... MY
DEAR LORD, THEY
ARE COMING...

THIS IS THE END!
GERMANY HAS FALLEN--
BERLIN HAS FALLEN
-- THE ARMIES ARE
IN RUIN...

FRIEDRICHSTRASSE

HELP ME... MY HOUSE
WAS BOMBED... MY
CHILD IS TRAPPED...

I-I CAN'T
HELP YOU
NOW!

I NEED HELP
NOW... MY
DAUGHTER IS
TRAPPED...
SHE IS DYING...
PLEASE HELP
ME...

NO--NO--
GO AWAY... I
CANNOT HELP
YOU--NOT NOW--
GERMANY HAS
FALLEN--I AM
ONLY A PRIVATE--
I CANNOT HELP
YOU...





WAIT OUT HERE-- I WILL GET
THE MESSAGE... IT IS VERY
PRIVATE.

YES SIR.

THIS IS A GREAT
HONOR -- TO
PERFORM A PERSONAL
SERVICE FOR THE FUEHRER...

SO... YOU ARE TO TAKE A MESSAGE
FOR THE FUEHRER EH? THE LINES
OUT OF BERLIN ARE ALL BROKEN
YOU KNOW-- S.S. LIEUTENANT
HELDON HAS BEEN RECRUITING
SOLDIERS LIKE YOU ALL DAY... TO
DELIVER MESSAGES
TO THE FRONT LINES...

TO THE
FRONT
LINES?
THERE ARE
UNITS STILL IN
OPERATION?

OFFENSIVES?...
BUT THE ALLIES
ARE ENTERING
BERLIN...

BERLIN IS NOT YET LOST--
NEITHER IS GERMANY.. WE
WILL WIN YET-- THE GENIUS
OF THE FUEHRER WILL
PERMIT US TO GAIN CONTROL
OF OUR FRONTIERS ONCE
AGAIN!

...HERE IS THE
MESSAGE...

...HAVE THE SOLDIER
COME IN-- I WANT TO
SPEAK TO HIM...

...GO IN... BE CAREFUL
WHAT YOU SAY... SAY NOTHING
DEPRESSING... JUST LISTEN TO
WHAT HE SAYS...

HEIL
HITLER!

... COME IN MY
BOY... COME AND SIT
DOWN HERE -- BE
RELAXED...

WHAT IS YOUR NAME?
WHERE ARE YOU FROM?

I AM PRIVATE WILHELM
OLDER, MY FUEHRER--
OF FRIEDBURG...

FRIEDBURG? OH YES -- A
NICE PLACE -- VERY NICE, WELL NOW
PRIVATE OLDER, YOU MAY WONDER WHY
YOU ARE HERE, AND I SHALL TELL YOU WHY
YOU HAVE THIS HONOR... BECAUSE TODAY I
HAVE SENT ALL MY MESSENGERS, AND MY
PRIVATE LIKE YOURSELF, TO THE
FRONT LINES WITH MY ORDERS FOR
OFFENSIVES... WE ARE MAKING SUCH
GRAND OFFENSIVES ON ALL QUARTERS
THAT I HAVE
ACTUALLY
EXHAUSTED MY
COMPLETE SUPPLY
OF MESSENGERS...

I
UNDERSTAND
MY FUEHRER
BUT-I-I...

THIS IS A MOST IMPORTANT MESSAGE--
IT IS TO AN UNDERGROUND GROUP IN
OLDENBURG... YOU KNOW
WHERE OLDENBURG
IS EH?

YES
SIR.

I WILL
TAKE THEM
THIS
MESSAGE,
MY
FUEHRER.

YES -- TAKE THEM THIS MESSAGE...
AND GO WITH MY BLESSING BOY,
KNOWING THAT BY ACTIVATING THESE
SOLDIERS YOU MAY BE MY MOST
IMPORTANT AID IN
WINNING THIS
WAR... MY MOST
IMPORTANT
AID...

WELL-- IN OLDENBURG THERE IS AN
UNDERGROUND GROUP OF PEOPLE WHO ARE
SO IMPORTANT WE CAN USE THEM TO GREAT
ADVANTAGE... THEY CAN HELP US TIGHTEN OUR
FRONTIERS... THEY ARE VERY IMPORTANT... THEY
HAVE HELPED US BEFORE AND WERE OF GREAT VALUE... BUT
THIS TIME WE CAN USE THE UNDERGROUND IN AN OVERGROUND FASHION...



A SPECIAL UNIT OF SOLDIERS--UNDERGROUND
TILL THIS NIGHT..THEY MUST BE S.S.--THEY
MUST BE INFILTRATORS INTO THE CONFIDENCE
OF THE ALLIES... I AM NOT SO STUPID-- I
KNOW WHAT THEY ARE... A SPECIAL UNIT OF
SPIES... THEY WILL INFILTRATE ENEMY
RANKS AND ASSASSINATE
THE GENERALS
AND COMMANDERS--
THAT'S THE ONLY
EXPLANATION...





...WHY DO I FALTER? I AM NOT A COWARD... THE AMERICANS HAVE PASSED...

THE FUEHRER SAID THIS MESSAGE COULD WIN THE WAR-- NO SPECIAL UNIT CAN BE SO SPECIAL THAT IT CAN WIN, IT CAN ONLY DELAY THE WAR... IS OVER NOW... THE BRITISH AND THE AMERICANS AND THE RUSSIANS HAVE ENTERED BERLIN... WHAT CAN I DO TO WIN THE WAR... WHAT CAN I DO-- I CAN DO NOTHING...
THE FUEHRER IS MISTAKEN-- THIS MESSAGE CANNOT BE THAT IMPORTANT...



NO... I DARE NOT OPEN IT... IT IS NOT MY PLACE TO OPEN A PERSONAL MESSAGE OF THE FUEHRER... WHO AM I TO JUDGE THE WORTH OF A PERSONAL MESSAGE OF THE FUEHRER HIMSELF...





I'M GOING HOME TO
MY WIFE AND
CHILDREN ON THE
FARM... TO HELL
WITH THE WAR AND
TO HELL WITH THE
FUEHRER...



EPILOG TO A TALE OF HORROR

...IN THE ARENA THE BEAST
LOSES - THE MAN WINS...
THE CORPSE...

...IN THE ARENA THE BEAST
LOSES... THE CORPSE --



...THE BEASTS RETURN
TO THEIR CAVES...



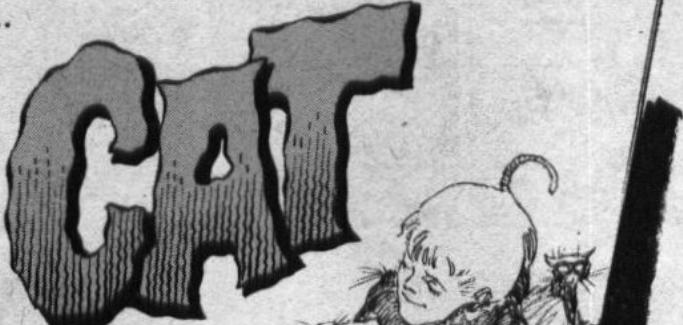
...AND THE CONTEST
IS NO-CONTEST...

--THE MEN RETURN
TO THEIR HOMES...



...FOR THE MOST WILD NARRATIVE WHICH YOU ARE
ABOUT TO READ, I NEITHER EXPECT NOR ASK BELIEF...
MY ONLY PURPOSE IS TO PLACE BEFORE THE WORLD,
PLAINLY--A SERIES OF COMMON HOUSEHOLD EVENTS,
WHICH MIGHT INDEED BE CALLED...

The BLACK CAT



WRITTEN BY EDGAR ALLAN POE

ILLUSTRATED BY RICARDO VILLAMONTE

...BUT MY RECENT DRINKING HABITS REDUCED ME TO FIGHTING AND ABUSING MY PETS AND...EVEN MY POOR WIFE...



...AND WHEN MY DRINKING GREW WORSE...

GET OUT OF MY WAY, PLUTO!

LEAVE HIM BE, EDGAR...

LEAVE HIM BE? I'LL SHOW YOU HOW TO LEAVE HIM BE!

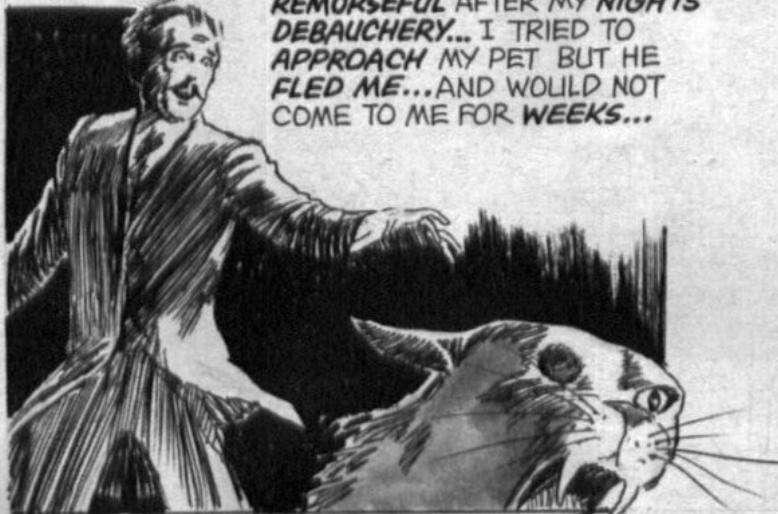


...WITH MY KNIFE...OH, HORRORS...I CUT OUT MY BELOVED PET'S EYES...

EDGAR...
OH, GOD...STOP
IT! STOP IT!



IN THE MORNING I WAS TOTALLY REMORSEFUL AFTER MY NIGHT'S DEBAUCHERY... I TRIED TO APPROACH MY PET BUT HE FLED ME...AND WOULD NOT COME TO ME FOR WEEKS...



...THEN, ON ANOTHER NIGHT'S DRUNK...I TOOK PLUTO TO A TREE IN MY GARDEN AND, OH MY LORD GOD, THERE...I...I HUNG HIM BY A ROPE TILL HE WAS DEAD...



...IN THE NIGHT I WAS AWAKENED BY...

MY LORD...
FIRE! MY HOUSE
IS ON FIRE!

...IT IS IN RUIN...
ALL OUR **BELONGINGS**...
ALL OUR **POSSESSIONS**...
WE ARE
DESTITUTE!

WE WERE REDUCED
TO TOTAL POVERTY...
AND MY DRINKING,
OF COURSE, ONLY BE-
CAME MORE INTENSE
...BUT I LOOKED AND
SEARCHED ALMOST
WITHOUT END FOR
ANOTHER BLACK CAT...
I FELT MY MURDER
OF PLUTO WAS THE
CAUSE OF ALL MY
MISFORTUNE...AND
SOMEHOW I WANTED
TO MAKE IT UP TO
ANOTHER CAT...

...I FOUND A BEAUTIFUL
BEAST IN A BAR ONE
NIGHT AND TOOK HIM
HOME...HE RESEMBLED
PLUTO TO AN ASTONISH-
ING DEGREE...AND ONLY
THE WHITE MARKS ON
HIS NECK MADE ME
REALIZE HE WAS NOT
INDEED, MY OLD PET
REINCARNATED...

...BUT IN THE MORNING
WHEN I AWOKE I
REALIZED THAT THIS
CAT WAS BLINDED
IN THE SAME EYE
AS PLUTO...

...AND THE WHITE
MARKINGS ON HIS
NECK SO CLOSELY
RESEMBLED A
NOOSE. I WAS
TERRIBLY SHAKEN...
I PICKED UP AN
AXE AND
ATTACKED THE
POOR THING...





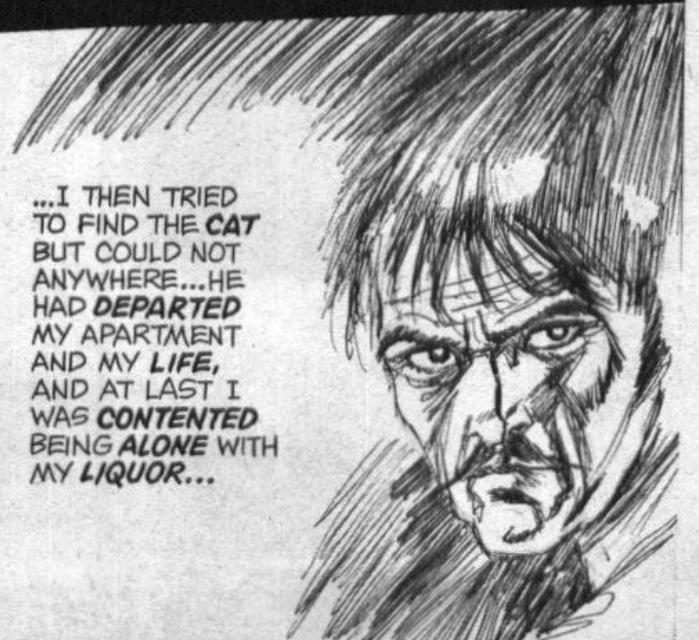
...AND WHEN MY
WIFE ATTEMPTED
TO STAY MY
HAND I TURNED
ON HER AND...
SPLIT OPEN
HER SKULL...



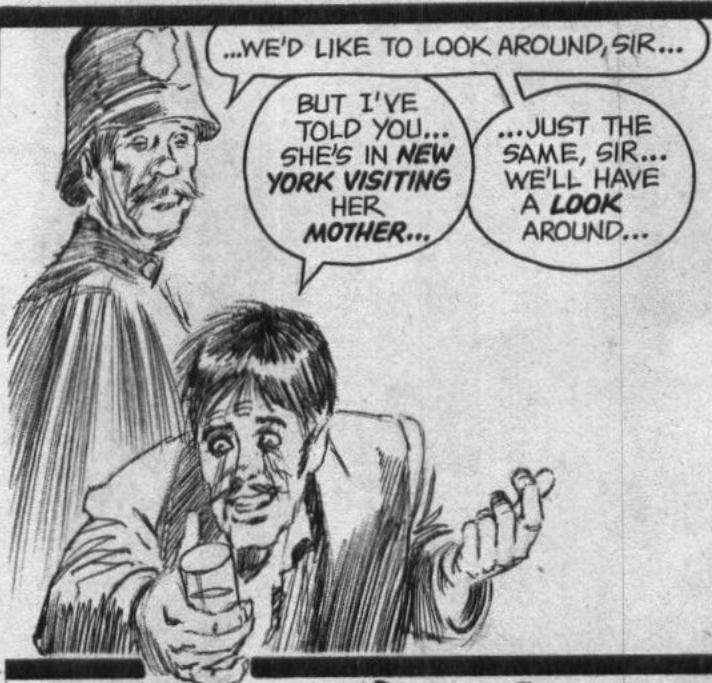
...THERE, ALICE...
NOW YOU ARE
AWAY FROM THIS
WORLD AND ITS
WRETCHED MISERY...
AWAY FROM ME
AND THE
MISFORTUNES I
PILE UPON YOUR
SHOULDERS...



...MAY GOD
HAVE MERCY
ON YOU...AND
ON ME...



...I THEN TRIED
TO FIND THE CAT
BUT COULD NOT
ANYWHERE...HE
HAD DEPARTED
MY APARTMENT
AND MY LIFE,
AND AT LAST I
WAS CONTENTED
BEING ALONE WITH
MY LIQUOR...



...BUT I WAS OVER-CONFIDENT, AND FELT LIKE HAVING SOME "FUN" WITH THE POLICEMEN...

GENTLEMEN...I DELIGHT TO HAVE PROVEN MY INNOCENCE OF ANY CRIME...AS YOU SEE--THE HOUSE IS IN EXCELLENT ORDER!

YES, SIR, IT IS...

AH...THESE WALLS ARE SOLIDLY PUT TOGETHER!



CARDO VILLAMONTE

...NOW AS I SAY...I OFFER NO COMMENT... I TELL ONLY THE FACTS...BECAUSE WHAT HORRORS BEHIND THAT WALL COULD NEVER BE COMMENTED UPON...THE POLICE RIPPED THE NEW CEMENT FROM THE WALL AND EXPOSED MY WIFE'S CORPSE...IT WAS GREATLY DECAYED AND CLOTTED WITH GORE... UPON ITS HEAD SAT THE HIDEOUS BEAST...



ILLUSTRATED BY
JOHN BYRNE
AND
DUFFY VOHLAND

...YOU'RE THE
PLANNER-- TELL
ME HOW WE'RE
GONNA DO IT...

... IT'S A
SHAME WE GOTTA
DO IT AT ALL - I
THINK WE SHOULD
PRESERVE IT
SOMEHOW - SO IT
CAN BE REBUILT
SOMEWHERE
ELSE!

I DON'T
CARE -- THAT'S
UP TO YOU -- ALL I
WANNA KNOW IS HOW
WE'RE GONNA TEAR
THIS CASTLE
DOWN ...
THE STATE
HIGHWAY IS ABOUT
A MILE AWAY -- THEY'LL
BE CAUGHT UP TO THIS
POINT IN ABOUT TWO
WEEKS AND THAT
CASTLE HAS GOTTA
BE OUTTA HERE!

... IN SOME NORTHEASTERN STATE OF THESE
UNITED STATES STANDS A CASTLE ...
ONE THAT HAS ENDURED ALL THE ELEMENTS
OF NATURE OF NEARLY 400 YEARS --
IT'S NOW ON PUBLIC LAND, AND IT'S **THE**
HISTORY AND OWNERSHIP ARE LONG
FORGOTTEN; IT'S BEING TORN DOWN
TO MAKE ROOM FOR A SPEEDIER ROAD
FROM BOSTON TO PROVIDENCE -- AND --
IT'S A SHAME -- A CRYING SHAME ... FOR
THIS OLD PLACE HAS A PURPOSE -- AS WE
SHALL LEARN IN :

...THIS IS WEIRD,
PETERSON... WE'VE HAD
A PNEUMATIC DRILL
POUNDING AWAY ALL
MORNING AND WE CAN'T
EVEN DISLodge THE
FOUNDATIONS...

...DOESN'T MAKE ANY
SENSE -- USUALLY ALL
YOU GOTTA DO IS LEAN
ON ONE OF THESE OLD
BUILDINGS AND IT JUST
COLLAPSES ...
...WE GOTTA TRY
SOMETHING ELSE,
VINCE ...

CASTLE



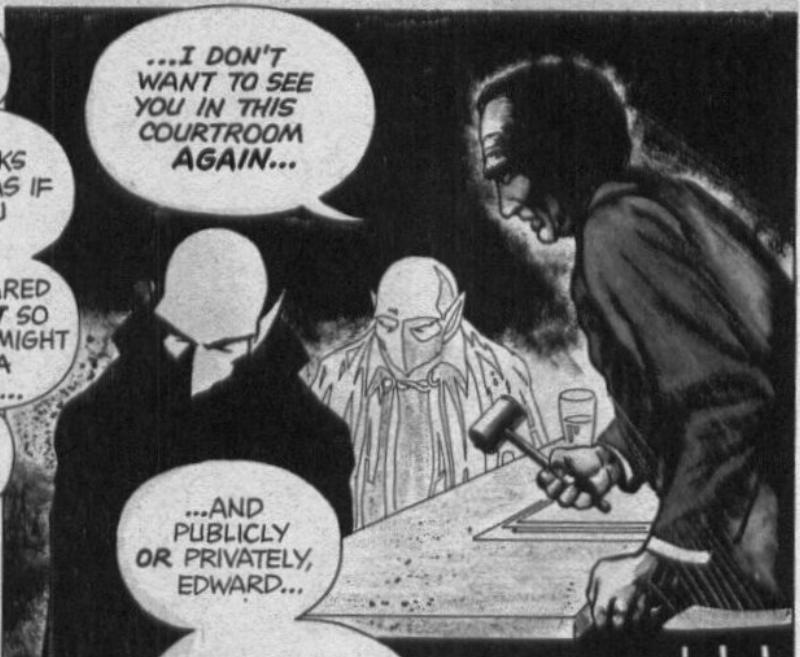
...IT'S LIKE THE
DAMN CASTLE IS
ALIVE-- LIKE IT HAS A
MIND OF ITS OWN --
IT JUST DOESN'T
WANNA DIE ... WE'RE
GONNA HAVE TO BOMB IT--WE'VE
TRIED EVERYTHING ELSE -- THE
HIGHWAY'S GONNA BE UP TO HERE
IN A FEW DAYS ... ALREADY
WE'RE HOLDING UP THE GRADERS



...SOME MONTHS LATER -- AFTER THEY'D RE-ERECTED THE LIVING CASTLE PRISON-- AFTER THEY'D RE-ROUTED THE HIGHWAY AROUND THE HILLOCK WITH THE MONSTER THEREIN -- THE OFFICIALS REFLECTED FOR A WHILE ON WHAT THE THING WAS, AND THE ANSWERS THEY CAME UP WITH SUMMED UP A TOTAL ZERO... WHATEVER 'IT' WAS, 'IT' WAS INDESTRUCTABLE -- WHATEVER 'IT' WAS, 'IT' WAS BETTER LEFT ALONE -- SO WHEN NEXT YOU DRIVE AROUND A LITTLE HILL WIT A CASTLE, SOMEWHERE IN NEW ENGLAND, REMEMBER 'IT' WITHIN, AND KEEP DRIVING!



...THESE ARE THE HUMAN GARGOYLES...
NOW AS THEY SIT IN THIS AMERICAN COURT
OF LAW IT IS WITH HUMILITY...FOR THEY
HAVE ANGERED THE COURT AND THEIR
FRIEND JUDGE WALLACE...WHO PRESIDES
OVER IT...





...SO STARTS CHAPTER EIGHT OF THE TALE OF the HUMAN GARGOYLES:

I, GARGOYLE



DO YOU
KNOW HOW COLD
IT IS OUTSIDE
TONIGHT, ED?

MY NEXT GUEST
IS A MAN IN THE
NEWS...YOU'VE ALL READ
ABOUT HIM AND MANY
OF YOU HAVE READ HIS
OWN AUTOBIOGRAPHY...
"I, GARGOYLE..."

HOW-
COLD-IS-IT-
JOHNNY?

...IT'S SO
COLD THE HUMAN
GARGOYLES HAD
TO WEAR STONE
EAR-MUFFS...

...HAHAHA
STONE EAR
MUFFS
HAHAHA...

LADIES AND
GENTLEMEN...
EDWARD
SARTYROS...

...HAHAHA
GARGOYLE
HAHAHAHA...

WELCOME,
EDWARD...

...A LOT OF
FOLKS ARE BUYING
YOUR BOOK AND...I
UNDERSTAND IT'S INTO
ITS THIRD PRINTING
ALREADY...
TELL ME...

...MY FAMILY
AND I ARE ABLE TO
EAT FRESH FOOD AND
WE NOW HAVE A
NICE APARTMENT
TO LIVE IN...

...NO...IN
THE SOUTH
BRONX...

YES...I
MUST SAY
IT HAS...

...IN YOUR BOOK,
ED, YOU MAKE CONSTANT
REFERENCE TO SATAN...

...YOU ARE FOREVER BATTLING
HIS DEMONS SENT TO "EMBARRASS"
YOU, AND, WELL, QUITE FRANKLY,
MANY PEOPLE ARE ASKING A
QUESTION...THEY'RE ASKING: "DO
YOU BELIEVE IN THE
PHYSICAL SATAN?..." THE
BIBLICAL STYLE SATAN
WHO IS A VERY REAL
AHH...DEITY...

...THE SATAN
BATTLE IS VERY REAL,
YES...A PHYSICAL ENTITY...
HOWEVER, THIS IS
BECAUSE OF MY EDUCATION
IN CENTURIES PAST BY
PRIESTS IN THE CATHEDRAL
IN FRIEDBURG WHO
BELIEVED HIM TO BE
PHYSICAL...

...BUT I THINK THAT
SATAN PRESENTS HIM-
SELF TO INDIVIDUALS IN
DIFFERENT WAYS,
ACCORDING TO WHAT THE
INDIVIDUAL BELIEVES
SATAN TO BE...

THEREFORE...IF SOMEONE DOES NOT BELIEVE THE EXISTENCE OF SATAN THEN THERE IS NO SATAN FOR THAT MAN...AND IF HE DOES NOT BELIEVE HE IS PHYSICAL THEN HE IS NOT...



LEAVE ME
ALONE, SPAWN
OF SATAN...

SATAN
MADE YOU
IN MY IMAGE
BUT FOR ONE
THING...

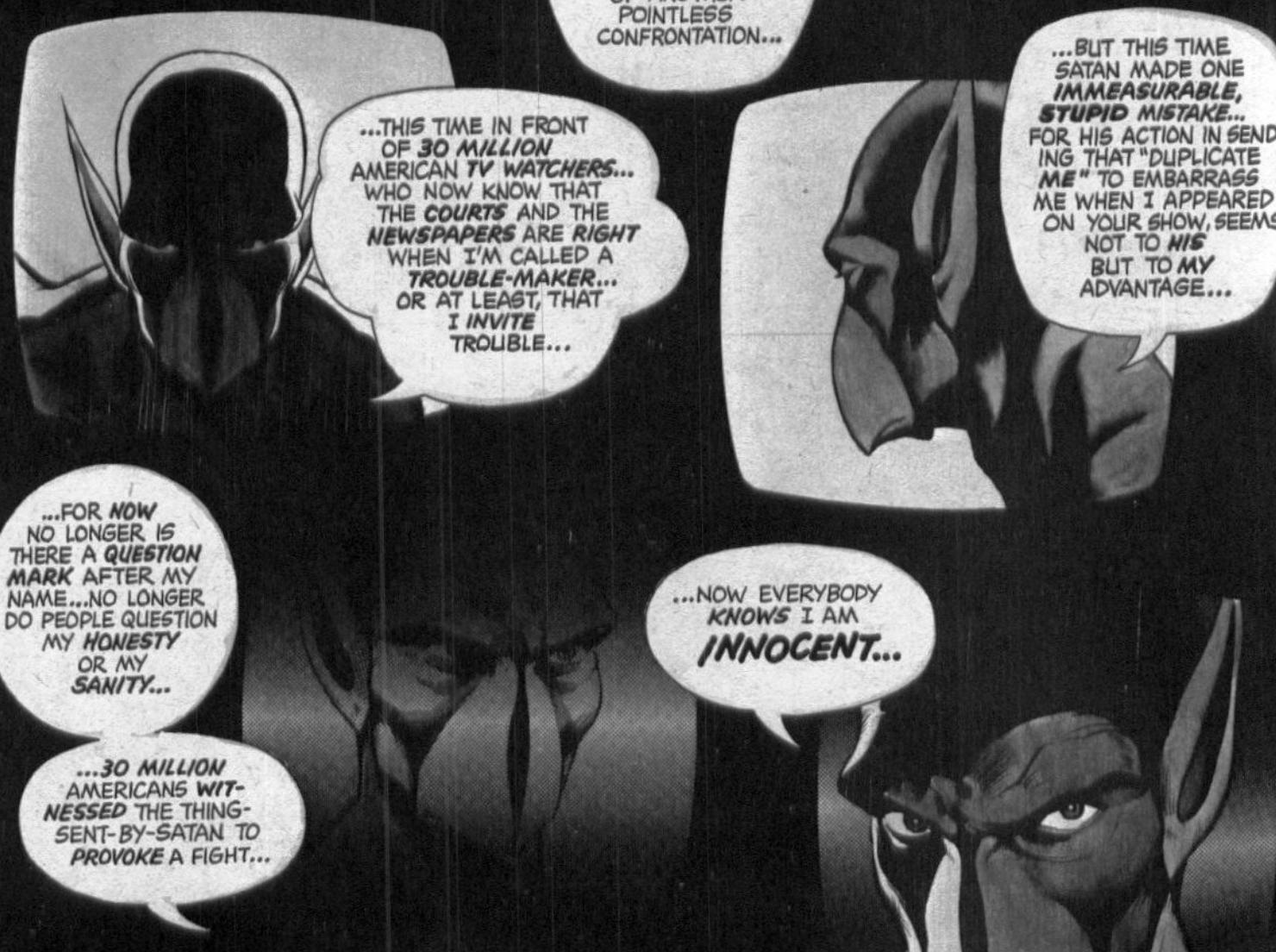
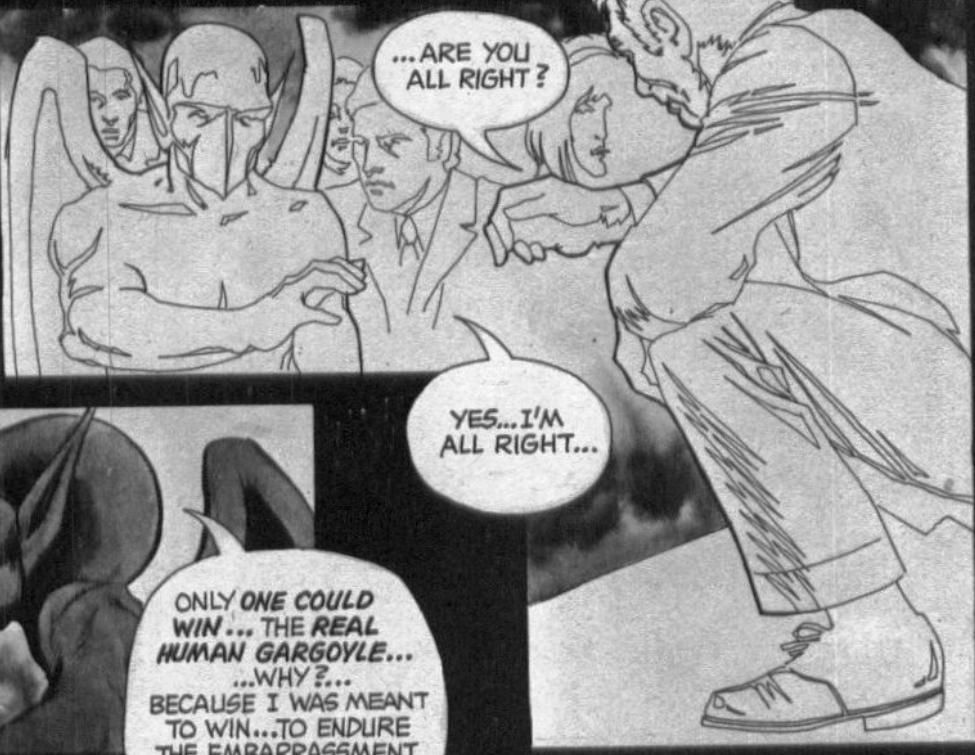
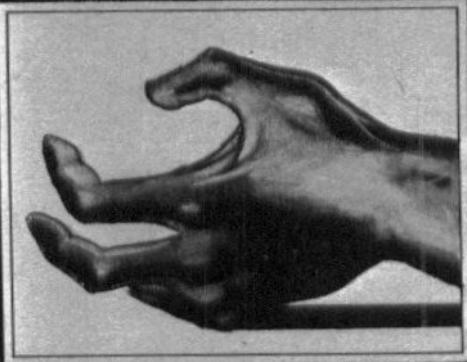
...HE DIDN'T
GIVE YOU ANY
BRAINS... IF YOU
THINK YOU CAN
MIMICK ME
YOU'RE
WRONG...

SATAN WORKS IN
FAMILIAR WAYS... HE'S
ALWAYS SENDING
ME MONSTERS TO
FIGHT MORE GIFTED
AT VERBAL BATTLE
THAN PHYSICAL
BATTLE...

...IN OTHER
WORDS,
MONSTER...

**SHUT-
UP!!**





YOU WERE WONDERFUL, EDWARD...NOW EVERYBODY KNOWS THAT WE ARE VICTIMS...

YES... THAT'S WHAT WORRIES ME...

...BUT WHY...

...BECAUSE NOW SATAN WILL HAVE TO FIND ANOTHER METHOD OF SEEKING HIS REVENGE... I SENSE THAT NOW IT WILL BE MORE A PERSONAL WAR BETWEEN HIM AND US... NO LONGER CAN A PUBLIC BATTLE LIKE THE ONE ON THE TV SHOW HAVE ANY CONSEQUENCE...

...I SENSE NOW HIS ANGER WILL BE FIERCE... HIS ATTACK ON ME MORE INTENSE AND EVIL THAN EVER BEFORE...

MY GOSH... IT'S HIM... IT'S THEM...

...OH, GARGOYLE... MR. GARGOYLE...

I'VE JUST BEEN READING YOUR BOOK, MR....AH...SARTYROS... WILL YOU AUTOGRAPH IT FOR ME...

...I'VE NEVER BEEN SO EMBARRASSED, MINA... DO YOU REALIZE HOW LITTLE WE REALLY KNOW... DO YOU REALIZE WE ARE ILLITERATE?

...I THINK OUR MOST IMMEDIATE PLAN IS TO GET A PROPER EDUCATION...

WELL, I'M... FLATTERED YOU SHOULD ASK BUT... I NEVER LEARNED HOW TO WRITE... CAN'T EVEN... WRITE MY NAME...

...chapter one...
A GARGOYLE — A MAN!
I am the creation not of God, not of Satan,
but of man. In a year too long past to remember,
a sculptor took a stone block and formed
from it a gargoyle. I remember sounds
from the ground around me. The henshaw
sound was not there. I knew life, or
air as it was, my reason life, or
air as it was, my



the OLD
and the NEW
are in the

PSYCHO

1974 YEARBOOK

RALPH REESE, BILL EVERETT
TOM SUTTON, SYD SHORES
and TOM PALMER.

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THE BRIDES OF THE FRANKENSTEINS — SLIME-WORLD — BEWARE SMALL EVILS
THE MAN WHO STOLE ETERNITY — THE INNER MAN — THE DEADLY MARK OF THE BEAST!

2 MEN - 2 MONSTERS

FRANKENSTEIN — the classic creation of Mary Shelley, and COUNT BERLIFITZING — the mad creation of Edgar Allan Poe in his tale METZENGER-STEIN, are 2 half-human MONSTERS who will etch into your brain like burning ACID — miss 'em not — in scream #9, on sale June 25!

